

Girlfriends

-I woke up with Santa Claus.

-Jesus! Was he dressed?

-Jacket. Fake fur nice to the touch.

-Who was he, really?

-I told you.

-Mrs Claus'll be pissed.

-Hey! She never appreciated his hard work

-You did, right?

-Pass.

-What do you actually remember?

-What I always remember. The experience that's the same.

-Bitter?

-No. No up, down. Living in steady-state irony.

-You need a baby.

-I need a brain.